



AMERICA'S FIRST *and* GREATEST SUPERNATURAL!



No 34
AUG.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢





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You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

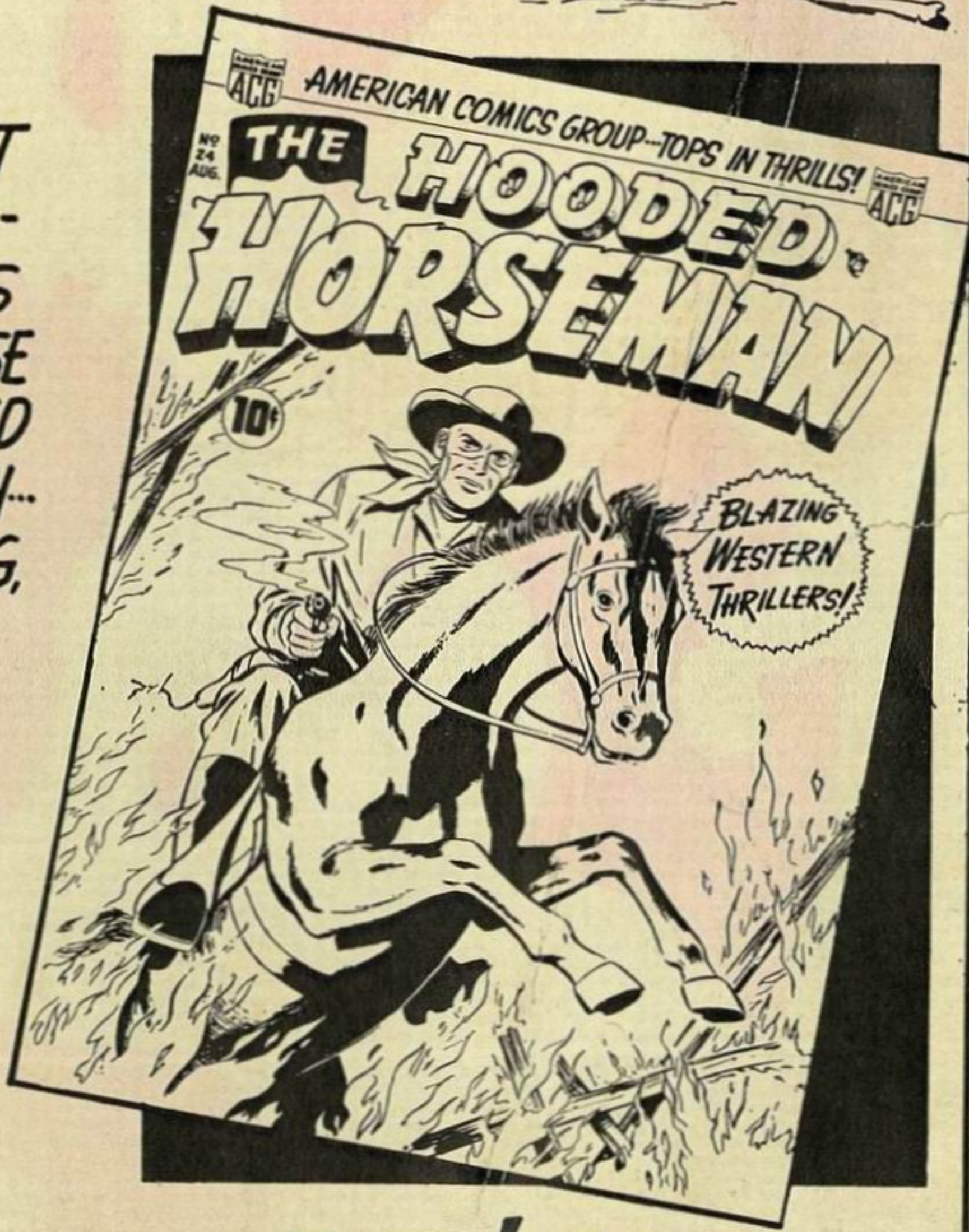


You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

---A SLAMDANG, THRILLER-A MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

Medical Science HAS LARGELY DESTROYED WHAT WAS ONCE A CONSIDERABLE PERIL-- THE RISK OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! WHERE DOES LIFE END-- AND DEATH BEGIN? AN IMPORTANT QUESTION, READER -- AND ON IT DEPENDS A WOMAN'S SOUL! HERE'S ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ-- A HAIRBREADTH TALE OF THE WEIRD SUPERNATURAL THAT WILL MAKE YOU MARVEL...AND WONDER!



BACKSTAGE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE...

YES, I'M **MYSTRO** --- WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

I'M DETECTIVE KELLY, OF THE HOMICIDE BUREAU! THE POLICE COMMISSIONER READ THAT NEWSPAPER STORY THAT YOU WERE GOING TO HYPNOTIZE SOMEONE INTO **DEATH** IN YOUR PERFORMANCE TONIGHT! I WAS SENT TO WARN YOU THAT IF THE SUBJECT DIES, YOU'LL BE CHARGED WITH **MURDER!**

WHY, THAT'S **RIDICULOUS!** I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM INDIA, WHERE I LEARNED THAT HYPNOTIC TECHNIQUE --- IT'S QUITE COMMONLY PRACTICED THERE AMONG THE YOGIS, WHO CAN LIE BURIED FOR WEEKS IN AIRLESS TOMBS OR COFFINS BEFORE REVIVING FROM THEIR STATE OF DEATH! I EVEN TRIED IT ON MY WIFE IN INDIA--AND

REVIVED **HER** AFTER SHE'D BEEN IN AN HYPNOTIC DEATH TRANCE FOR AN HOUR! HOW CAN I BE CHARGED WITH MURDER-- IF THE CORPSE AWAKENS?





I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THAT YOGI BUSINESS--BUT IF A CRIME IS COMMITTED TONIGHT, I'LL BE IN THE AUDIENCE TO ARREST YOU!

DON'T LET HIM WORRY YOU, DARLING--I HAVE COMPLETE FAITH IN YOU! I'M SURE THE STUNT WILL BE SUCCESSFUL TONIGHT--AND THAT IT WILL MEAN OUR FORTUNES! WE'LL BE ABLE TO RETURN THE MONEY WE BORROWED TO PAY FOR OUR LONG STAY IN INDIA--AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO THE BIG-TIME!



SO, LATER...

AND NOW--THE FEATURE ATTRACTION OF THE EVENING--- THAT WIZARD OF THE SUPERNATURAL, THE RENOWNED MYSTRO! TONIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA, MYSTRO WILL HYPNOTIZE A SUBJECT INTO A STATE OF DEATH! DOCTORS IN THE AUDIENCE WILL BE FREE TO COME UP AND EXAMINE THE CORPSE-- BEFORE MYSTRO REVIVES IT!



YOU ARE NOW UNDER MY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE--AND YOU WILL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY! YOU WILL SLEEP THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD--YOUR HEART WILL SLOW DOWN UNTIL IT CEASES BEATING--YOU WILL NEED NO AIR--YOU WILL HAVE NO FEELINGS! YOU WILL BE DEAD--UNTIL I REVIVE YOU....!

I...I WILL BE DEAD-- UNTIL YOU REVIVE ME!



A MINUTE LATER...

THE SUBJECT IS NOW PHYSICALLY DEAD! AND TO PROVE IT TO YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL FASTEN THIS AIRTIGHT GLOBE AROUND HER HEAD, THUS ELIMINATING ALL POSSIBILITY OF BREATHING!



FOR FURTHER PROOF, I WILL NOW PLUNGE THIS NEEDLE THROUGH HER ARM--TO SHOW THAT SHE HAS NO FEELINGS WHATSOEVER!



THERE--NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT! I AM SURE THAT QUITE A FEW DOCTORS CAME HERE TONIGHT OUT OF PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY--AND I INVITE THEM ALL TO COME UP AND EXAMINE THE DEAD SUBJECT!



NO PULSE!

AND NO HEARTBEAT!

REFLEXES MISSING---
THIS GIRL IS DEAD!

YOU CAN FORGET
THIS NONSENSE ABOUT
REVIVING HER!
THE **POLICE**
SHOULD HEAR
ABOUT THIS!

THEY'VE ALREADY
HEARD! MYSTRO IS
GOING TO BE PLACED
UNDER ARREST FOR
MURDER!



IT WAS A TENSE MOMENT, A STRANGE MOMENT FOR AN
EVEN STRANGER VISITOR -- A WEIRD ZOMBIE FROM OUT
OF THE UNKNOWN ITSELF!



IF THE GIRL -- IS DEAD -- HER CORPSE
IS **MINE!** SHE WILL BECOME -- A

MEMBER OF -- MY
**LEGION OF
WALKING
DEAD!**

WHA --
IS THIS
ONE OF YOUR
TRICKS,
MYSTRO?

NO --- I DON'T
KNOW **WHAT**
THAT THING
IS!

THE LEGION -- OF THE **LIVING DEAD** -- KNOW ME --
AS THEIR **MASTER!** ONLY THOSE -- SERVE UNDER
ME -- WHO HAVE ENTERED THE CATALEPTIC TRANCES
-- THAT SO CLOSELY RESEMBLE **DEATH!** I SENSE
THEIR PRESENCE -- AND REVIVE THEM INTO THE
HALF LIFE -- INTO WHICH THEY SERVE ME -- AS
ZOMBIES! THE GIRL MUST
COME -- **WITH ME!**



IT... IT'S
**NOT
HUMAN!**

**RUN
FOR
YOUR
LIVES!**

AS PANIC SPREADS THROUGH THE AUDIENCE
LIKE WILDFIRE...

HEY --- LEMME
THROUGH --- THIS
IS THE POLICE!

LET'S GET **OUT** OF HERE!
NOBODY CAN STOP A
ZOMBIE!



COME, MY PRETTY ONE -- LET ME
TAKE YOU TO YOUR OWN KIND --
TO THE **LEGION OF ZOMBIES!**

ALL THE OTHERS
HAVE RUN LIKE
RABBITS -- SO IT'S
UP TO ME TO STOP

THAT CREEP FROM TAKING
LARA! I CAN'T REVIVE
HER NOW, BECAUSE THE
GLOBE OVER HER HEAD
WOULD SUFFOCATE
HER IF SHE WERE
ALIVE! SO THERE'S
ONLY ONE
OTHER
THING
TO DO!...







HEY! I HATE TO DO THIS--BUT WITH LARA'S LIFE AT STAKE, I HAVE NO CHOICE!



COME BACK HERE, MYSTRO--OR HEAVEN HELP YOU WHEN I DO CATCH YOU! HE'LL PROBABLY PUT A WATCH ON MY APARTMENT... SO IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE PARK!



I'VE GOT TO FIND LARA BEFORE I CAN HELP HER--AND THE ONLY WAY I CAN REVIVE HER AND GET HER OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THAT FIEND IS TO BE FACE TO FACE WITH HER! WAIT--WHO'S THAT COMING TOWARD ME?



WELL, I'LL BE--! IT--IT'S LARA HERSELF!



LARA! HOW DID YOU GET AWAY FROM THAT ZOMBIE--AND WHY ARE YOU SO STRANGELY PALE?

TAKE MY HAND, MYSTRO--AND YOU WILL KNOW!



YOU... YOU'RE TRANSPARENT-- YOUR HAND'S COLD! THEN LARA IS DEAD--YOU MUST BE HER GHOST!

YOU'RE ONLY PARTLY RIGHT, MYSTRO! I AM LARA'S SPIRIT, HAVING BEEN RELEASED BECAUSE HER PHYSICAL BODY IS IN A TRANCE OF DEATH--BUT I'M HERE TO HELP YOU RESCUE HER BODY FROM THE ZOMBIES AND BRING HER BACK TO LIFE!



BUT I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO HELP! IF I REVIVE HER, WOULDN'T THAT MEAN THE DESTRUCTION OF YOU, HER GHOST?

EVEN DESTRUCTION IS BETTER THAN BEING DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH FOREVER, NEVER FINDING PEACE! YOU SEE, AS LONG AS THE BODY FROM WHICH I

CAME IS NOT AT REST, IN HALLOWED GROUND, THEN I CANNOT BE AT REST! I AM WILLING TO BE DESTROYED NOW--TO WAIT FOR ETERNAL LIFE AND PEACE WHEN LARA'S BODY DIES NATURALLY, MANY YEARS FROM NOW!

THE UNHOLY LEGION OF ZOMBIES HAS ALWAYS GAINED NEW RECRUITS FROM THOSE WHO ENTER A DEATHLIKE TRANCE, RATHER THAN PERISH NATURALLY! BUT AT LEAST THE SPIRITS OF THOSE UNDEAD ARE AT PEACE, BECAUSE THEIR BODIES WERE BURIED BEFORE THE ZOMBIES RESURRECTED THEM! BUT MY CASE IS DIFFERENT--- I WILL NEVER FIND PEACE AS LONG AS LARA IS A MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF WALKING DEAD! BUT TIME IS IMPORTANT, MYSTRO -- COME WITH ME-- I CAN SENSE WHERE LARA'S BODY IS NOW!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE WHO WERE HYPNOTIZED INTO A DEATH TRANCE IN INDIA? WEREN'T THERE ZOMBIES IN INDIA WHO GAIN THOSE UNDEAD?

NO, THE YOGIS KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT LIFE AFTER DEATH -- THE ZOMBIES DON'T DARE PLY THEIR GHASTLY TRADE THERE, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THEY COULD BE TOO EASILY DESTROYED BY THE WISE MYSTICS!



ONE OF THE WAYS A ZOMBIE CAN BE DESTROYED IS TO TOUCH THE GHOST OF ONE OF THE UNDEAD! YOU SEE, SPIRITS AND ZOMBIES ARE ETERNAL ENEMIES -- SO VIOLENTLY OPPOSED THAT IF ONE TOUCHES THE OTHER, BOTH ARE DESTROYED AND RETURN TO DUST!



BUT AS A PROTECTION AGAINST EACH OTHER, GHOSTS AND ZOMBIES DEVELOPED A POWER THROUGH THE AEONS THAT PREVENTED EACH FROM TOUCHING THE OTHER UNLESS EACH WANTED TO -- AND THEY WOULD NEVER WANT TO, OF COURSE, SINCE IT WOULD MEAN THEIR MUTUAL DESTRUCTION! AH, BUT HERE WE ARE AT THE DESERTED CEMETERY WHERE THE MASTER ZOMBIE LED LARA --- I CAN SENSE HER BODY JUST BEYOND THAT GROVE OF TREES! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...



MINUTES LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GROVE...

...AND NOW THAT WE HAVE INITIATED YOU INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNDEAD, YOU ARE ONE OF US --- AND WILL FOREVER OBEY MY COMMANDS!

YES---I WILL OBEY YOU... MASTER!

LARA! I'VE FOUND YOU!



IT'S HE, THE MAGICIAN -- HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE! SEIZE HIM!





WELL DONE ---
HOLD HIM!

LET--LET ME GO,
YOU FIENDS!



WE WILL NEVER LET YOU GO--ALIVE! IT'S
CONVENIENT YOU FOUND US IN THE CEMETERY---
BECAUSE WE CAN
BURY YOU HERE!



YOU WON'T DARE KILL ME---WHEN YOU FIND OUT
THAT LARA ISN'T IN YOUR POWER, BUT IN MINE!
SHE WILL OBEY MY COMMANDS, NOT YOURS! AND
SINCE SHE WAS INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF
THE UNDEAD, SHE KNOWS ALL YOUR SECRETS --
AND IF YOU KILL THE ONLY ONE SHE OBEYS, SHE
WILL BETRAY THOSE
SECRETS TO THE WORLD
AND DESTROY YOU!

YOU LIE! LARA OBEYS
ONLY MY ORDERS!



THEN LET US HAVE A TEST!
THERE SHE STANDS--BUT SHE
WILL NOT BE THERE LONG!
LARA--GO INTO THE
WOODS UNTIL I COMMAND
YOU TO RETURN!

HA--WE WILL
SEE WHOM
SHE OBEYS!
LARA--STAND
WHERE YOU
ARE!



WHA --- SHE DISOBEYS ME!
LARA---I AM THE MASTER
OF THE LIVING DEAD ---
YOUR MASTER! DO AS
I COMMAND--AND STAND
WHERE YOU ARE!

LUCKY THIS
MOONLIGHT IS
DECEPTIVE -- THEY
DON'T EVEN SUSPECT
THAT THAT'S NOT
LARA, BUT HER
GHOST!



SHE--SHE DIDN'T OBEY ME ---
SHE DISAPPEARED INTO THE
WOODS! NEVER HAS ONE OF
MY SUBJECTS DONE THIS
BEFORE -- SO SHE
MUST BE IN
YOUR POWER,
MYSTRO!

RIGHT---AND
I SENT HER
MENTAL ORDERS
THAT IF YOU
KILL ME, SHE
IS TO TURN ALL THE
SECRETS SHE
LEARNED
AGAINST
YOU!



ALL I WANT NOW IS TO ESCAPE WITH LARA! I CAN CALL HER BACK FROM THE WOODS, AWAKEN HER FROM HER DEATH TRANCE---AND SHE WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF HER SECRETS WHEN SHE REVIVES, SO YOU'LL BE SAFE! BUT I'LL DO THIS ONLY IF YOU PROMISE TO LET BOTH OF US GO AS SOON AS SHE'S REVIVED!

THAT IS A FAIR BARGAIN-- YOU HAVE MY PROMISE!



LARA-- I COMMAND YOU! EMERGE-- APPROACH ME!



AH--- SHE COMES!

WAIT HERE --- I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTRACTED WHILE I'M REVIVING HER FROM HER DEATH TRANCE!



YOU WILL NOW AWAKEN FROM THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD! YOUR HEART WILL START BEATING --- YOU WILL BEGIN TO BREATHE ONCE AGAIN...

I... I WILL NOW AWAKEN...



OHH--- WHERE... WHERE AM I --- WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE-- THE LAST THING I KNEW, I WAS ON THE STAGE AT THE LYCEUM...

THE GIRL HAS BEEN REVIVED-- SHE NO LONGER REMEMBERS THE SECRETS OF THE UNDEAD, SO SHE IS NO LONGER A THREAT TO US! NOW WE CAN KILL THEM BOTH!... AFTER THEM!



THEY'VE GONE BACK ON THEIR PROMISE! RUN, LARA --- INTO THE SHADOWS WHERE THEY WON'T FIND YOU!

HA-HA! SHE WILL NEVER ESCAPE ME!



BUT, DEEP IN THE SHADOWS...

YOU... YOU HAVE NO SUBSTANCE--- YOU'RE A GHOST! I... I'VE BEEN TRICKED INTO TOUCHING YOU!

DESTRUCTION AS WELL AS YOURS, YOU FIEND OF EVIL-- BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT!

YES---IT MEANS MY



YAAAGHH!

OHHHH!

CR-RAKKK!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

ARRGGGHH!

WHEW---THOSE ZOMBIES STARTED DISINTEGRATING JUST IN TIME--- JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO THROTTLE ME! THEY'RE CRUMBLING INTO THE DUST OF THOSE LONG DEAD BECAUSE THE ONE WHO RESURRECTED THEM--THE MASTER ZOMBIE-- MUST HAVE JUST BEEN DESTROYED BY LARA'S GHOST! BUT NOW TO FIND LARA!

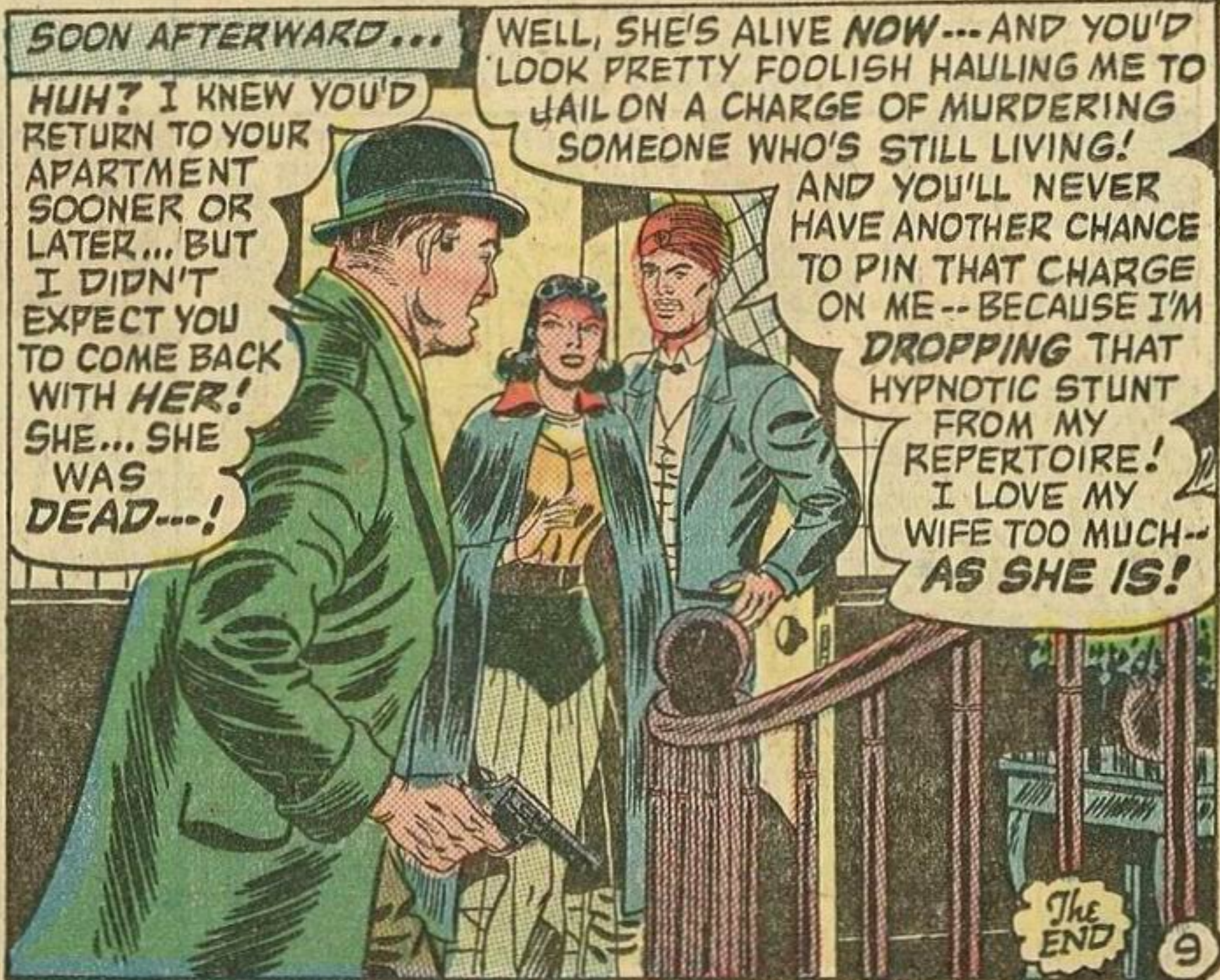


AH, THERE SHE IS --- JUST WHERE THE GHOST SAID SHE'D LEAVE HER!



YOU WILL NOW AWAKEN FROM THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD! YOUR HEART WILL START BEATING--- YOU WILL BEGIN TO BREATHE ONCE AGAIN--

I... I WILL NOW AWAKEN...



SOON AFTERWARD...

HUH? I KNEW YOU'D RETURN TO YOUR APARTMENT SOONER OR LATER... BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO COME BACK WITH HER! SHE... SHE WAS DEAD---!

WELL, SHE'S ALIVE NOW--- AND YOU'D LOOK PRETTY FOOLISH HAULING ME TO JAIL ON A CHARGE OF MURDERING SOMEONE WHO'S STILL LIVING!

AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO PIN THAT CHARGE ON ME-- BECAUSE I'M DROPPING THAT HYPNOTIC STUNT FROM MY REPERTOIRE! I LOVE MY WIFE TOO MUCH-- AS SHE IS!

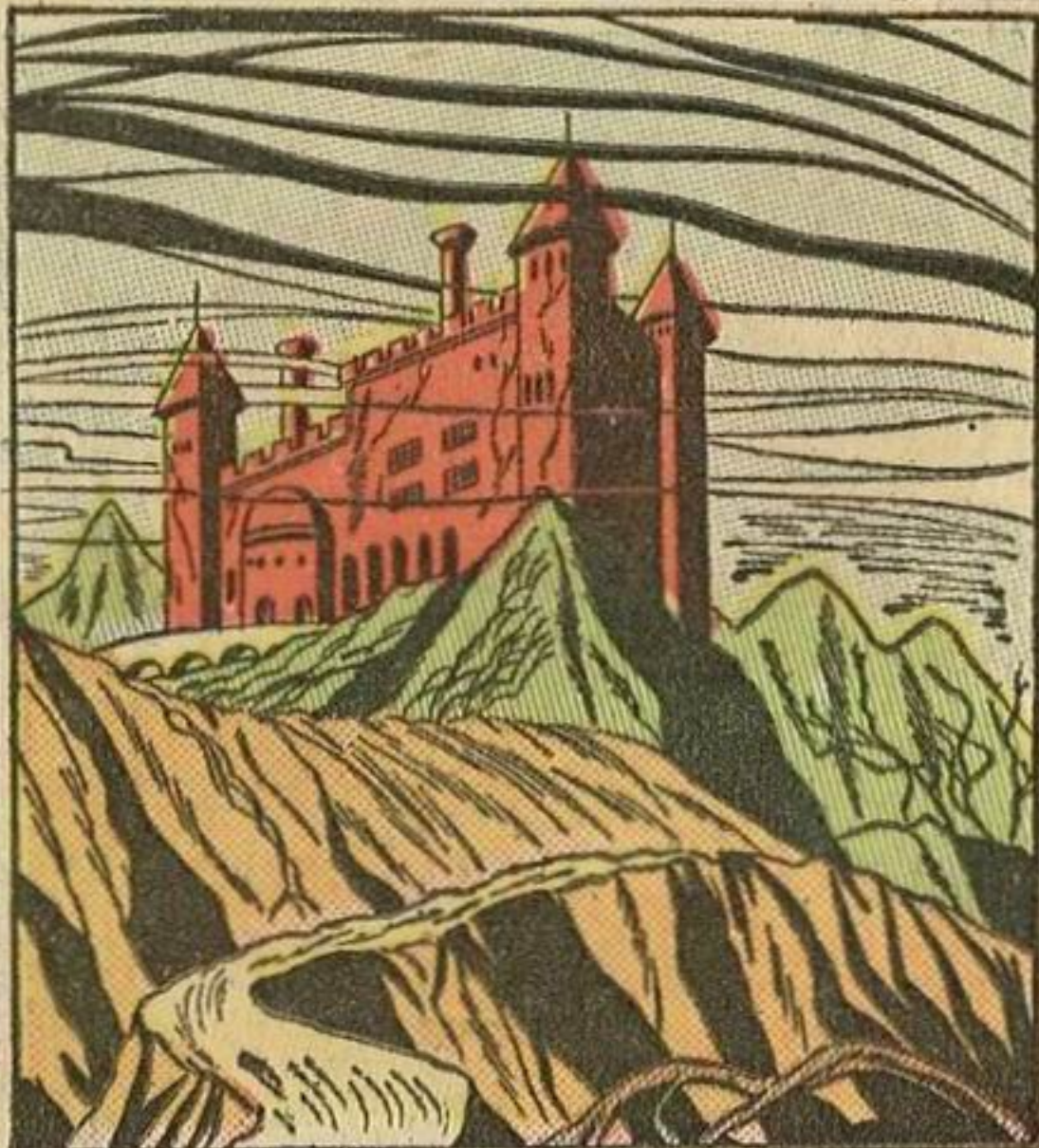
THE END

9

Dreamy Mysteries...

"The DEVIL'S CHAMBER"

GLAMIS CASTLE, IN FORFARSHIRE, SCOTLAND, IS SUPPOSEDLY HONEY-COMBED WITH SECRET PASSAGES AND CHAMBERS--NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THE INFAMOUS DEVIL'S CHAMBER!



DURING THE REIGN OF JAMES II IN THE 1600'S, THE CARNEGIES GAVE A PARTY FOR THE VISITING EARL OF CRAWFORD IN ONE OF THE SECRET CHAMBERS OF GLAMIS CASTLE --- AND FOR THREE NIGHTS IN SUCCESSION, THE MEN DRANK AND GAMBLED IN ONE OF THE WILDEST CARDUSALS KNOWN UP TO THAT TIME!



FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH NIGHT, ONLY FOUR MEMBERS OF THE PARTY STILL HELD OUT, APPARENTLY UNWILLING TO HAVE THE PARTY END!

MAY THE DEVIL TAKE US --- IF ONLY THIS PARTY COULD GO ON FOREVER!



SUDDENLY...

YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WISH!



THUS, STRUCK WITH THE CURSE OF CONTINUED, ENDLESS LIFE, THE REVELERS WERE DOOMED TO DRINK AND GAMBLE UNTIL JUDGMENT DAY ITSELF!

DRINK UP... THE BOTTLE'S FULL AND ETERNITY IS YOUNG!



TO THIS DAY, IT IS SAID THAT THE FOUR ARE STILL CARRYING ON IN THE SECRET CHAMBER --- LATER RENAMED THE DEVIL'S CHAMBER!

DRINK UP... THE BOTTLE'S FULL AND ETERNITY IS YOUNG!



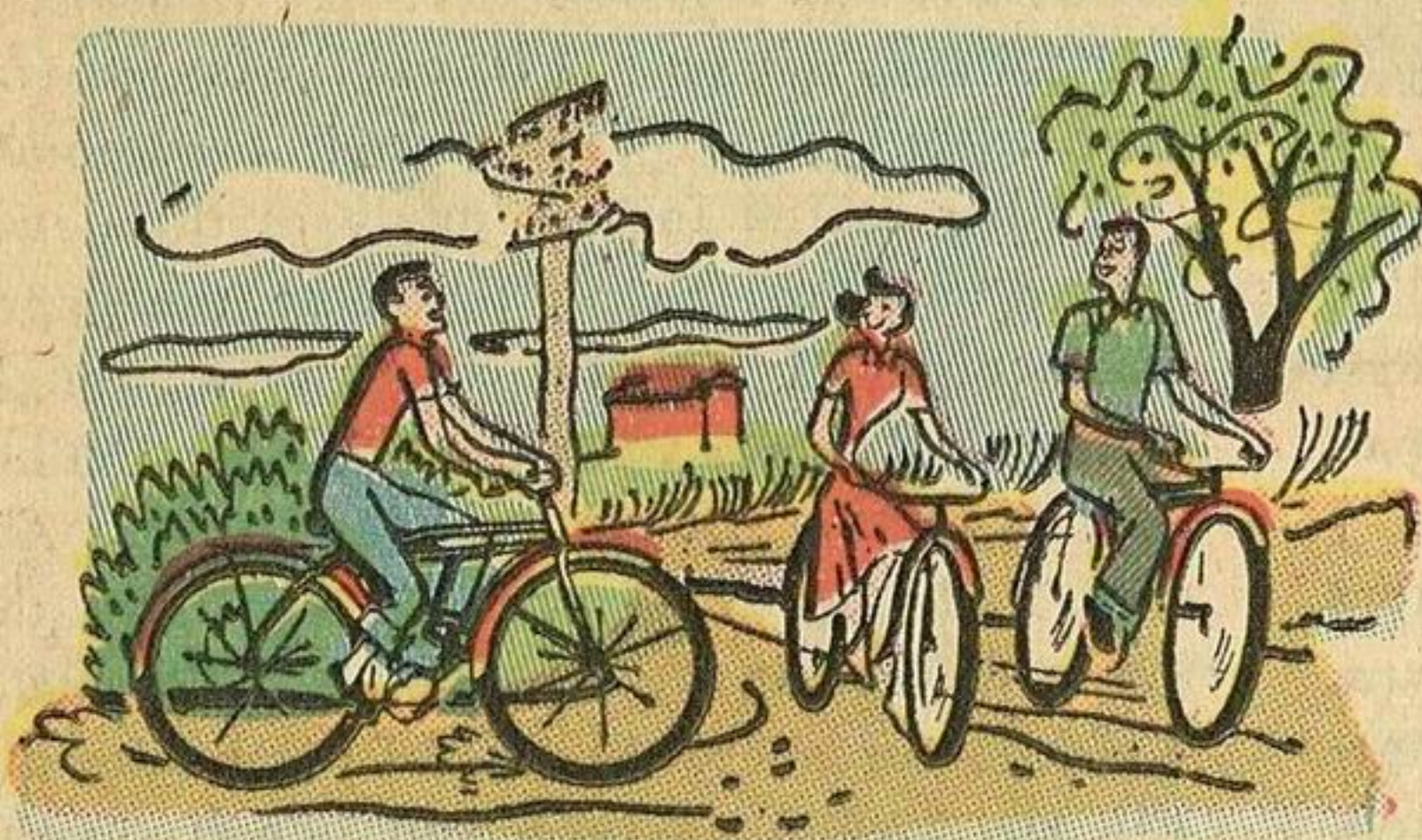
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"CHAIN REACTION"

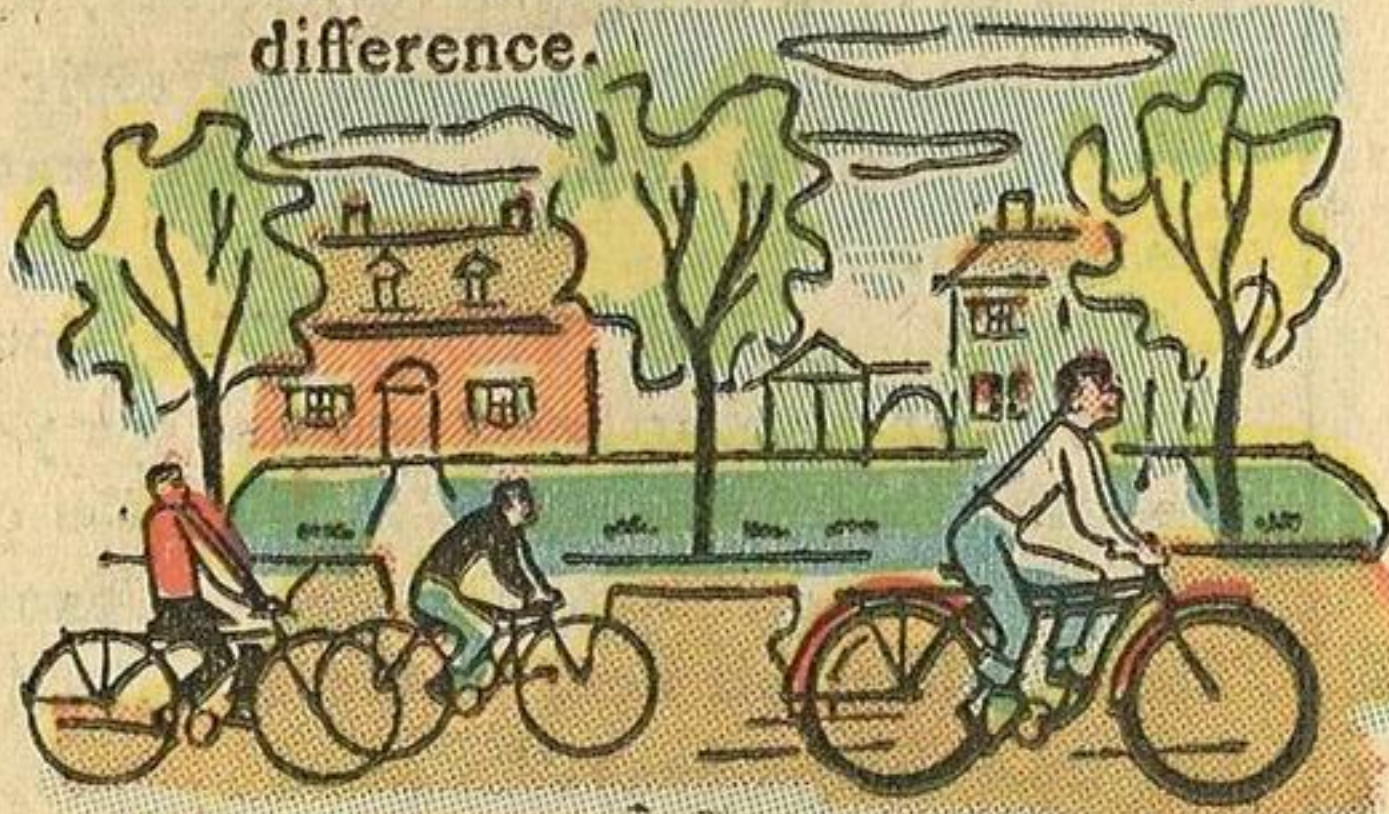
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Touch the handle bars — you get "pin-point" steering control from the U. S. Royal Chain Tread! You really feel the difference.



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with the original "built-in skid chain"

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OBITUARY NOTICE

WILBUR STEVENS WAS not in the habit of speaking to strangers, but when the tall, saturnine, black-coated stranger sat down beside him on the park bench, Wilbur was suddenly seized with an unexplainable but irresistible urge to unburden himself. And when the stranger proved to be a sympathetic listener, Wilbur found himself talking about the topic that was uppermost in his mind...the state of his health.

"Yes," sighed Wilbur, "the doctors claim I can live at least another ten years, despite my weak heart...as long as I'm careful not to exert myself or get too excited. That's why I sit here in the sun each day and take things easy."

"I suppose that's wise," the stranger said in an oddly hollow voice. "But you don't seem more than fifty...it's a shame to waste your last ten years when you could still enjoy life."

"How can I enjoy myself without money?" Wilbur asked ruefully. "I had to quit my job...and the few thousand dollars I've saved have to last at least ten years. Of course, if I were wealthy, I'd be sitting on the beach at Miami or Monte Carlo, instead of here!"

"Ah, so money is what's stopping you from tasting such pleasures! Tell me...er...would you sell your soul to the devil himself in return for all the money you want?"

Wilbur laughed. "I sure would! But...I don't believe in the existence of the soul or the devil!"

"Well, perhaps you'll change your mind, sooner than you think," the stranger said. "But now I must be going. Here...take my newspaper...reading will help the hours pass more quickly. Farewell...until we meet again!"

Wilbur watched the stranger walk down

the path and disappear from sight. "Wonder what he meant by that crack about my changing my mind," Wilbur mused. "Oh, well, I'll ask him if I ever see him again. Meanwhile, guess I'll read his paper...bey...this paper is dated tomorrow!"

Wilbur stared incredulously at the newspaper and then began thumbing the pages excitedly. "I don't know how that stranger gothold of this," he muttered, "but I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Ah, here's the sport page...let's see now, the daily double at the racetrack paid...wow...\$376.00 for every \$2 wager! If I take out all my \$2,000 savings and bet it on the winning horses in the daily double, I'll make \$376,000! I...I'll be rich...I'll be able to...ooh, my...my heart..."

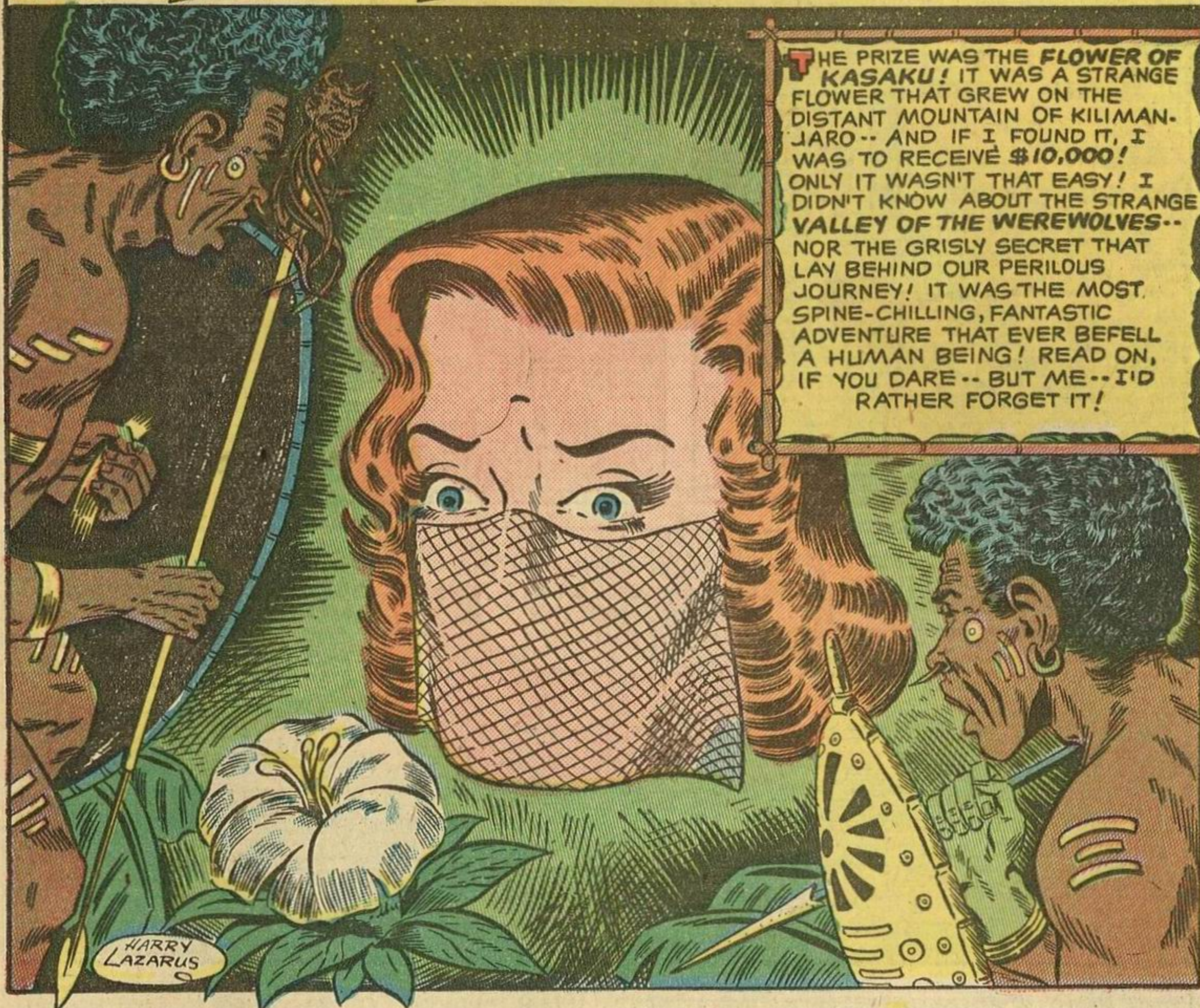
Gasping for breath, Wilbur pressed his hand to his chest until the attack passed. Then, somewhat shaken, he told himself, "I...I'd better not let this excite me too much...or I'll never live to enjoy that money. Maybe I ought to read tomorrow's editorials...they're always dull, so they ought to calm me down."

With his hands still shaking, Wilbur turned to the editorial page...but then, as his eyes flicked over the obituary page just opposite, he gasped, and suddenly turned livid. For there, in cold print, was his own obituary!

"Wilbur Stevens, of 177 Elm Road," the small paragraph read, "was found dead yesterday afternoon in City Park, apparently having been stricken by a heart attack..."

Wilbur could read no further. Overcome with sheer horror and fright, he clutched at his wildly beating heart...and then toppled off the bench with a cry of agony. But just before he died, Wilbur saw the saturnine stranger returning for his newspaper...and for Wilbur's soul.

Strange Flower



IT ALL STARTED THAT MORNING IN TANGAN! I'D JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXPEDITION INTO NORTH KENYA AND WAS PREPARING TO SAIL FOR AMERICA WHEN THERE WAS A KNOCK AT MY DOOR-- AND SHE ENTERED--

YOU'RE **BURT TYLER**, AREN'T YOU? MY NAME'S **CARLOTTA MORTI**-- AND I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

SORRY, MISS, BUT I'M HEADING BACK TO THE STATES! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A TRAIL-BLAZER, BETTER GET YOURSELF ANOTHER BOY!

BUT I'VE HEARD THAT **YOU** KNOW THIS COUNTRY BETTER THAN ANY NATIVE-- AND I'M WILLING TO PAY \$10,000!

HMM-- YOU MUST WANT TO GET SOMEWHERE AWFULLY BAD FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY! **OKAY-- WHAT'S THE DEAL?**







COULD BE-- BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I'M INTERESTED IN-- **YOUR FACE!** LET'S DISPENSE WITH THE MYSTERY AND THAT MOSQUITO NETTING AND TAKE A LOOK AT---

KEEP AWAY! I'M PAYING YOU TO DO A JOB-- NOT TO MEDDLE WITH THINGS THAT AREN'T YOUR CONCERN!



LET GO OF ME-- AT LEAST, UNTIL WE REACH THE FLOWER--

WAIT! THAT SCREAM WHAT WAS IT?

EYOW!



IT-- IT CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE BEACH!

I'VE HEARD THAT STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THIS COUNTRY-- AND THAT SURE SOUNDED LIKE IT! **LET'S GO!**

"STRANGE" WAS NO WORD FOR IT! IT WAS HORRIBLE, BLOOD-CHILLING--



ONE OF OUR PORTERS-- AND THE POOR DEVIL'S **DEAD!** LOOKS LIKE **SOMEONE** DOESN'T WANT US TO VENTURE ANY FURTHER INTO THIS COUNTRY, CARLOTTA!

THE REST OF THE NATIVES ARE COVERING OVER THERE-- IN A PANIC!



HOLY SMOKE! THE SPEAR'S CAPPED WITH A SHRUNKEN **WEREWOLF HEAD!** AND IF THOSE STORIES ABOUT THE WEREWOLF CULT ARE TRUE, HOW'LL WE EVER GET OUR BEARERS TO GO ON?

THEY MUST! WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO TURN BACK NOW! TELL THEM THAT THERE'LL BE GOLD FOR EACH OF THEM-- **BUT WE'VE GOT TO GO ON!**

I FINALLY MANAGED TO GET THE NATIVES UNDER CONTROL, BUT I DIDN'T TRUST THE AWFUL FEAR THAT SHROUDED THEM! THAT'S WHY, THE NEXT MORNING, I WASN'T SURPRISED TO FIND--



THEY'VE RUN OUT ON US! IT'S NOT HARD TO SEE WHY-- AFTER SOMEONE STAKED OUT **ANOTHER** WEREWOLF HEAD HERE TO KEEP US COMPANY!

THEY'RE NOT FRIGHTENING ME! TAKE ALONG THE SUB-MACHINE GUN AND LET'S KEEP ON! **NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP ME!**

AND SO WE STARTED OUT ALONE! SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE US WAS THE FLOWER OF KASAKU-- AND A TRIBE OF MONSTERS THAT SPECIALIZED IN SHRUNKEN WEREWOLF HEADS!



WE SHOULD REACH KILIMANJARO BY NIGHTFALL -- IF ONLY THOSE SAVAGES AREN'T WAITING FOR US!

SH-HH! LISTEN-- DON'T YOU HEAR DRUMS BEATING?

BOOM! BOOM!

YES-- TOO BAD! THERE'S KILIMANJARO, IN PLAIN SIGHT-- BUT NOW IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT FAR!



WE'VE GOT TO! WE MUST REACH THE FLOWER BEFORE THE MOON RISES! KEEP YOUR GUN READY, AND LET'S PUSH ON!

SUDDENLY-- OH-OH-- WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK ON THE RUN-- IT'S TOO LATE TO WORRY ABOUT THE FLOWER NOW!



NO! EVERY-THING-- MY VERY LIFE-- DEPENDS ON IT! IT-- IT BLOSSOMS ONLY ONCE A YEAR-- AND AS SOON AS THE FULL MOON RISES, IT IS DESTROYED!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! WE'RE IN FOR IT! HERE COME A BUNCH OF THOSE HOWLING KILLERS, ALL CARRYING WEREWOLF SKULLS! I'M GONNA LET 'EM HAVE IT-- HARD!

LOOK, BURT-- THEY'RE FALLING BACK UNDER YOUR FIRE! WE CAN HIDE UNTIL DARKNESS, AND THEN PUSH ON FOR THE MOUNTAIN!



RAT-TAT-TAT!

WITH NIGHTFALL, WE TOOK UP THE TREK! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT WE'D BLUNDER UPON THE NATIVE VILLAGE-- AND THE WEIRDEST CEREMONY THIS SIDE OF HADES--

THEY'RE ALREADY STARTING-- THE RITUAL DANCE! LET'S SKIRT THE VILLAGE AND GET TO THE MOUNTAIN-- WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!



WAIT A SECOND-- THOSE TWO THRONES! I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER AN OLD LEGEND ABOUT THIS COUNTRY--

I'VE GOT IT! IT'S A WEDDING FEAST-- THE WEREWOLF KING IS PREPARING TO WELCOME HIS BRIDE!

PLEASE, BURT, LET-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN! I CAN SEE THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE MOON! HURRY!



OKAY, WE'LL BYPASS THE VILLAGE! THEY'RE TOO INTENT TO EVEN NOTICE US! IT'S AS IF THEY WERE WAITING FOR SOMETHING!

HEAVEN HELP ME, I KNOW WHAT IT IS! RUN, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WE RAN--RAN, UP THE STEEP SLOPE OF THE MOUNTAIN, UNTIL OUR LUNGS SEEMED ALMOST READY TO BURST! HIGHER AND HIGHER, UNTIL FINALLY--THE FLOWER OF KASAKU!

THERE IT IS AT LAST-- AND THE MOON HASN'T FULLY RISEN YET! I-- I'M IN TIME!

IN THAT CASE, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME I STARTED LEARNING ABOUT ALL THIS MYSTERY! YOU'VE PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL LONG ENOUGH-- AND I'LL START IN BY SEEING WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!



I CAUGHT A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF HER FACE AS I TORE AWAY THE VEIL-- AND LEARNED THE MEANING OF HORROR!



NO, NO-- NOT YET! I'VE GOT TO PLUCK THE FLOWER FIRST-- BEFORE THE FULL MOON RIDES HIGH AND THE EMERGING GODDESS DESTROYS IT!

DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO SWALLOW THAT NONSENSE? YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING-- AND I WANT TO LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND THAT VEIL!



NO--NO--IT CAN'T BE! THAT MOUTH--THOSE TEETH--THE FANGS OF A--WEREWOLF!

ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW--WHEN YOU KNOW MY SECRET? YES, IT'S TRUE-- FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN TURNING INTO A WEREWOLF! WITCH DOCTORS TOLD ME THAT I COULD BE SAVED BY THE KASAKU FLOWER, BE RESTORED TO NORMAL-- AND IT WAS ONLY THAT WHICH LURED ME BACK INTO THIS AWFUL COUNTRY!

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF WHILE TRAVELING THROUGH THIS REGION A YEAR AGO! I LAUGHED OFF THE NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS THEN, BUT THEY KNEW! KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME AND THAT I WOULD BE BACK FOR THE FLOWER!

THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE WEDDING RITUAL BACK AT THE VILLAGE-- AND THE EMPTY THRONE IS FOR ME! I'M DOOMED TO FILL IT, TO CHANGE INTO A WEREWOLF COMPLETELY! -- UNLESS THE FLOWER CAN SAVE ME-- QUICKLY!



THEN THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE--
IT'S GETTING LIGHTER EVERY MOMENT--
AND THOSE SAVAGES WILL SPOT US
AGAINST THE SKY! GET TO THAT
BLOSSOM-- FAST!

I-- I CAN STILL
REACH IT! IT'S
JUST A SHORT
CLIMB UP TO
THE ROCKS
WHERE IT
GROWS!



BUT THEY'D
SEEN US--AND
I HIT THE
GROUND
BEFORE A
HOWLING
ATTACK--

HURRY, CARLOTTA!
YOU'VE HARDLY
GOT ANY TIME
LEFT! GRAB
THE FLOWER
AND RUN!

I'M-- ALMOST
THERE! JUST
HOLD THEM
OFF ANOTHER
MOMENT--



AND SO, UNAWARE THAT OVERHEAD, THE FULL
MOON RODE HIGH--

AT LAST-- AT LAST--
THE BLOOM THAT WILL
CURE ME -- STILL
INTACT--



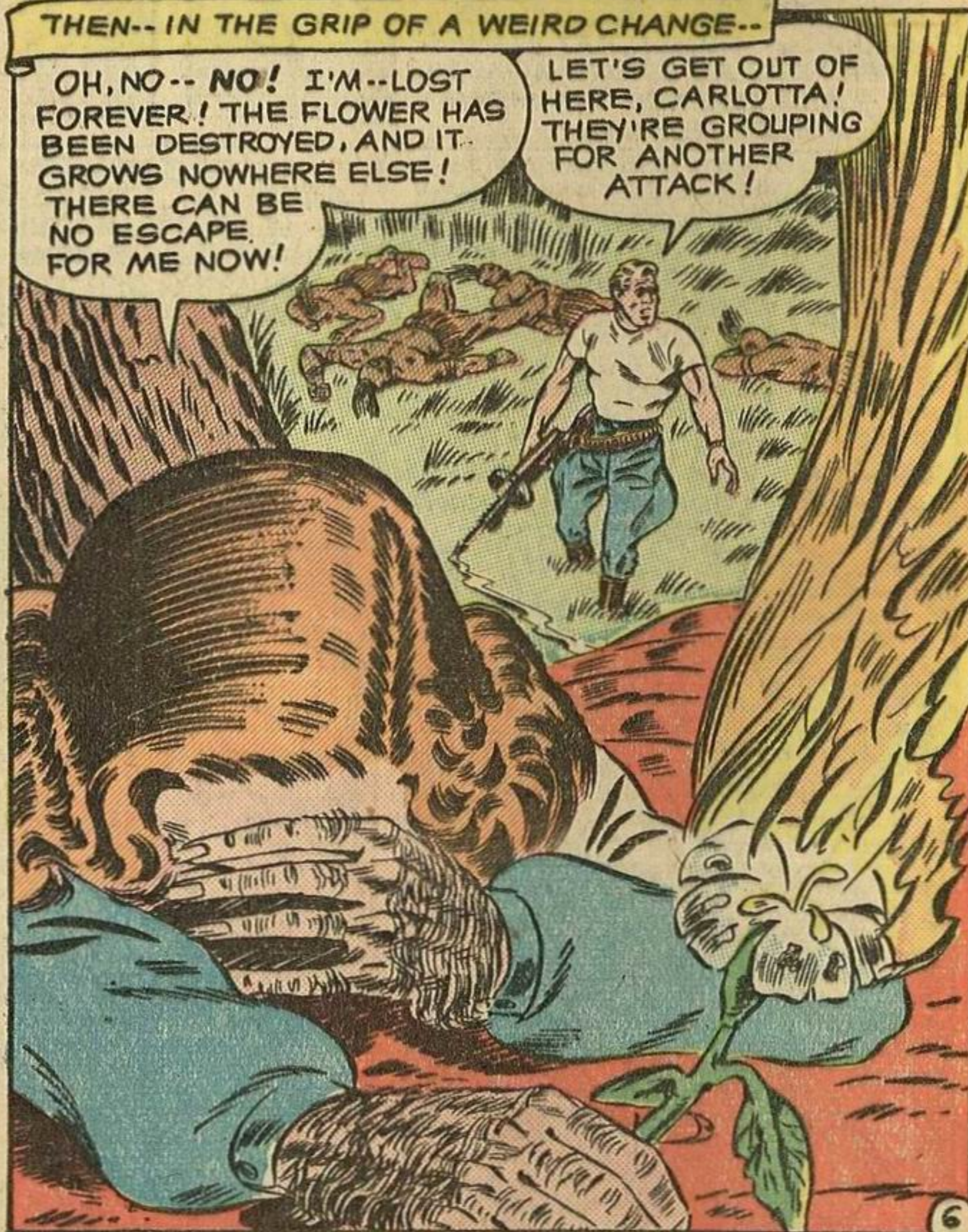
IT WAS THE FATAL HOUR! AS CARLOTTA
STRETCHED FORTH HER HAND-- A LIGHT-
NING BOLT FLASHED DOWNWARD-- AND
THE STRANGE FLOWER OF KASAKU
SPLIT ASUNDER AS ITS MYST
GODDESS EMERGED!



THEN-- IN THE GRIP OF A WEIRD CHANGE--

OH, NO-- NO! I'M-- LOST
FOREVER! THE FLOWER HAS
BEEN DESTROYED, AND IT
GROWS NOWHERE ELSE!
THERE CAN BE
NO ESCAPE
FOR ME NOW!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE, CARLOTTA!
THEY'RE GROUPING
FOR ANOTHER
ATTACK!



IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER! WHEN THE INITIAL SHOCK WAS OVER--

LET ME GET YOU BACK TO CIVILIZATION! THERE MIGHT STILL BE A CHANCE--

NO-- ONLY THE KASAKU FLOWER COULD HAVE SAVED ME! LET ME GO TO THEM, MOUNT THE WEREWOLF THRONE-- AND THEN DIE, ACCORDING TO THEIR RITUAL! IT'S-- BETTER THAT WAY!

IT WAS HER LAST WISH, THIS GIRL WHO WAS NOW ALMOST COMPLETELY A WEREWOLF! I HID AS THEY LED HER OFF--

POOR CARLOTTA-- QUEEN OF THE WEREWOLVES! IF ONLY THERE'D BEEN ANOTHER FLOWER-- BUT NOW-- IT'S TOO LATE!

GOODBYE, CARLOTTA-- YOU WERE THE BRAVEST WOMAN I EVER KNEW!



THAT SHOULD BE THE END OF THE STORY, BUT IT WASN'T! THE REAL END HAPPENED A WEEK LATER, AS I RECOVERED FROM MY ORDEAL IN A BRITISH HOSPITAL TO WHICH I'D SOMEHOW STUMBLER--

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME TODAY, MISS JONES? ISN'T IT TIME I GOT OUT OF THIS PLACE?

YOU WILL-- SOON! BUT IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY THAT I THOUGHT WE MIGHT PICK SOME FLOWERS!

WAIT! THESE-- THESE FLOWERS-- WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? I'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE!

THEY'RE CALLED THE KASAKU FLOWER! THEY BEGAN GROWING HERE ONLY LAST YEAR, BUT NOW THERE ARE SO MANY THAT WE HAVE TO BURN THEM!



I-- SEE! I ONCE HEARD A STORY THAT THIS FLOWER WOULD CURE A WEREWOLF! DO-- DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?

HA-HA-- JUST NATIVE SUPERSTITION! AND ANYWAY, WHO EVER HEARD OF A WEREWOLF IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD?



the END 7

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

HELLO THERE, ALL you readers of "Adventures Into The Unknown"!

It may seem a strange thing to interrupt you in the middle of your reading of the greatest supernatural comics magazine ever published to ask you an even stranger question, but here it is! Do you believe in ghosts?

It isn't enough to rush into the breach with the obvious answer...that you must, or you wouldn't be the avid reader of such out-of-the-world stories as this, your favorite publication, features. For while we number among our tremendous readership large numbers of people who possess a sincere and deep-rooted belief in the supernatural, there are still hosts who buy "Adventures Into The Unknown" simply because they thrill to the ringing challenge of eerie, spine-tingling tales of the weird denizens of that mystic realm beyond life itself. Folks of either sort, we feel, cannot but respond enthusiastically to the very type of stories that we've included in this banner issue. Stories like "Deathless Mortal", for instance...a strange, hair-breadth tale destined to linger long in your memory, awakening weird and gasp-laden

echoes straight out of the forbidden world of the occult. And "Doom of the Gnomes", as spookily entertaining a yarn as ever you've read. You'll get chills and gasps out of "The Midnight Howl" and tense to "The Frozen Ghost" and other exciting features we're bringing you herewith.

And so, it seems, it all adds up to the fact that everyone of our readers goes all out for "Adventures Into The Unknown", whatever be his opinion on whether or not ghosts truly exist. As for us, we hesitate to take sides in the matter...all we know is that, like you, the Unknown exercises a powerful, magnetic and compelling fascination over us! But let's be cautious in making up our minds. Let's ask believers for evidence...while warning non-believers that stranger things exist in the brooding midnight hours than ever the mind of mortal man conceived!

Please write us, telling us where you stand in the matter. Address your letters to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. ... and tell us how you like our magazine! Here's what some of our other readers are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

Several of the kids at school have been reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and through them I found out that it's the best comic on the market today. Everyone feels that way about it. The other day, I caught my mom reading your latest issue...and now she does approve of comics!

--Carol A. Cooley, Grand View, Ind."

"Dear Editor:-

I'm a soldier in Germany, having been drafted March 21, 1951, but I've been a fan of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for a much longer time than that. I was surprised and delighted to find your magazine here in Germany. All of us G. I.'s love it, and will continue to buy it every time we see it! Keep up the good work! A fan...

--Pvt. Earl Marriner, Grafenwor, Germany."

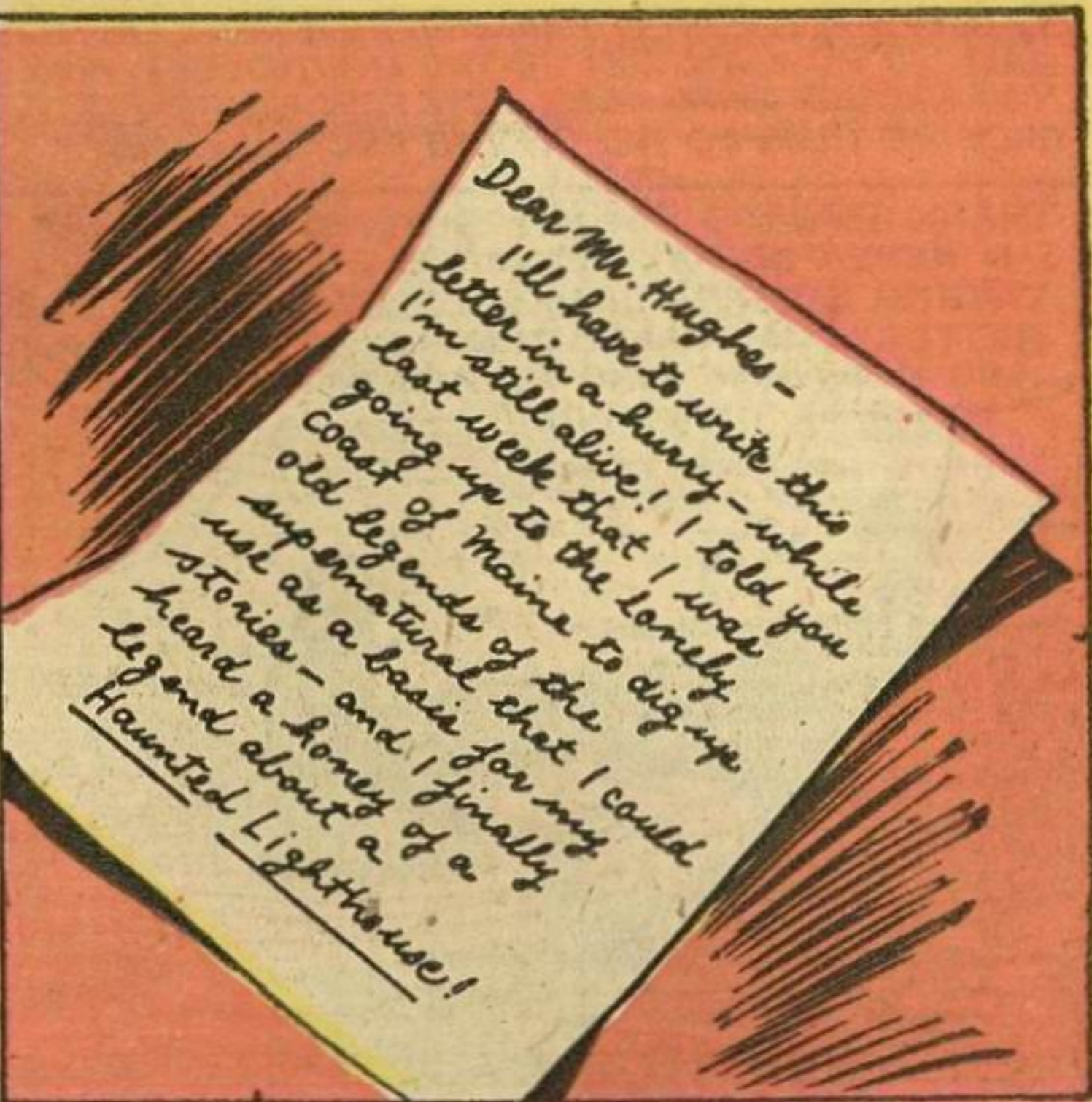
"Dear Editor:-

I've just started a collection of supernatural magazines, and think that 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best by far. By the way, I would like to know how I could obtain some of those wonderful back issues!

--Patrick Tiernan, Brooklyn, N. Y."

The HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE

THIS MAGAZINE RECEIVES COUNTLESS LETTERS CONCERNING SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FROM CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH! BUT THE WEIRDEST AND MOST FRIGHTENING OF THEM ALL WAS RECEIVED RECENTLY FROM PHIL PERKINS, ONE OF OUR REGULAR WRITERS! WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IN PHIL'S OWN WORDS-- BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT WHEREVER HE IS, THAT'S THE WAY HE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT!



"I FIRST HEARD OF IT FROM A FISHERMAN ON MT. DESERT ISLAND..."

YUP, THE **DEMON O' THE DEEP** HAUNTS THAT LIGHTHOUSE! IT WAS ABANDONED YEARS AGO WHEN THE SHOALS AROUND HERE SHIFTED SEAWARD-- AN' WHEN THE DEMON STOPPED GETTIN' VICTIMS FROM WRECKED SHIPS, HE STARTED PICKIN' ON THE INHABITANTS O' THE LIGHTHOUSE!

MMM, THAT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF ATMOSPHERE I'M LOOKING FOR! WHAT'LL YOU CHARGE TO ROW ME OUT THERE? I'LL SLEEP THERE TONIGHT!



HUH? YUH'RE CRAZY, BUB! ANYONE WHO SPENDS A SINGLE NIGHT IN THAT LIGHTHOUSE IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

HA-- IT'S BEGINNING TO SOUND EVEN BETTER! JUST NAME THE PRICE-- AND IT'S YOURS!



"IT COST ME A PRETTY PENNY TO PERSUADE THE OLD SALT TO ROW ME OUT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE-- AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW FAST HE BEAT IT ONCE HE DUMPED ME ON THE ROCKY ISLAND!"

THANK HEAVENS I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS--OR I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING WRITING SUPERNATURAL STORIES! WELL, I'D BETTER CLIMB UP TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER AND SEE WHAT KIND OF ACCOMODATIONS THERE ARE!



"I WAS DELIGHTED AT THE SPOOKY DILAPIDATION OF THE PLACE-- IT WAS A PERFECT ATMOSPHERE TO WRITE A WEIRD STORY ABOUT A HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE! BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT IT WAS GETTING DARK-- AND THAT ALL I HAD WAS A FLASHLIGHT..."

DRAT IT, HOW COME I FORGOT OIL LAMPS? I MIGHT AS WELL TURN IN NOW, AND START MY WRITING AT THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN!



"I WAS ASLEEP ALMOST THE MOMENT MY HEAD HIT THE COT-- AND THEN I BEGAN TO DREAM THAT I HEARD A POUNDING AT THE LIGHTHOUSE DOOR..."

MUST BE THE OLD FISHERMAN-- PROBABLY CAME BACK WITH SOME OIL LAMPS FOR ME!



"I OPENED THE DOOR-- AND RECOILED IN TERROR FROM THE NIGHTMARISH THING THAT STOOD THERE!"

YE GADS-- THE DEMON OF THE DEEP!



THAT BOLT-- I'VE GOT TO SLAM IT HOME BEFORE THAT FIEND GETS IN HERE!



"I BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF AS THE BOLT SHOT HOME-- AND THEN I CLIMBED UP TO THE CATWALK AND RAN AROUND THE TOP OF THE TOWER, WONDERING WHAT THE GHOSTLY DEMON WAS DOING BELOW! WELL, I DIDN'T WONDER LONG!"

IT... IT'S CLIMBING UP THE SHEER WALL AFTER ME! I... I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!



"IN A FRENZY OF TERROR, I TURNED AND RAN BACK INTO THE TOWER ROOM-- BUT THERE... I TRIPPED..."



"THE FALL KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME-- AND BEFORE I COULD GET UP, A PAIR OF SLIMY HANDS AS ICY AS DEATH GRIPPED MY THROAT!"



"THEN, I WOKE UP! IT TOOK ME A FEW MOMENTS TO COME TO MY SENSES-- TO REALIZE I HAD JUST BEEN HAVING A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE..."



-- WAIT-- SOMETHING ELSE MUST HAVE AWAKENED ME, TOO! SOMEONE'S POUNDING AT THE DOOR DOWNSTAIRS!



MUST BE THE OLD FISHERMAN-- PROBABLY CAME BACK WITH SOME OIL LAMPS FOR ME!



YE GADS-- THE DEMON OF THE DEEP!



"IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT I REALIZED MY NIGHTMARE WAS REPEATING ITSELF IN REALITY!"

THIS... THIS IS A HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE... AND I... I'M **TRAPPED** ON THIS ISLAND, WITHOUT ANY CHANCE OF MAKING IT BACK TO SHORE! BUT NOW THAT I'M **AWAKE**, I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE I MADE IN MY DREAM-- AND MAYBE I CAN **CHANGE THE ENDING!**



"I WAITED A MINUTE OR SO, AND THEN QUIETLY OPENED THE FRONT DOOR, ALMOST CERTAIN THAT I WOULD SEE THE DEMON OF THE DEEP CLIMBING UP THE TOWER..."

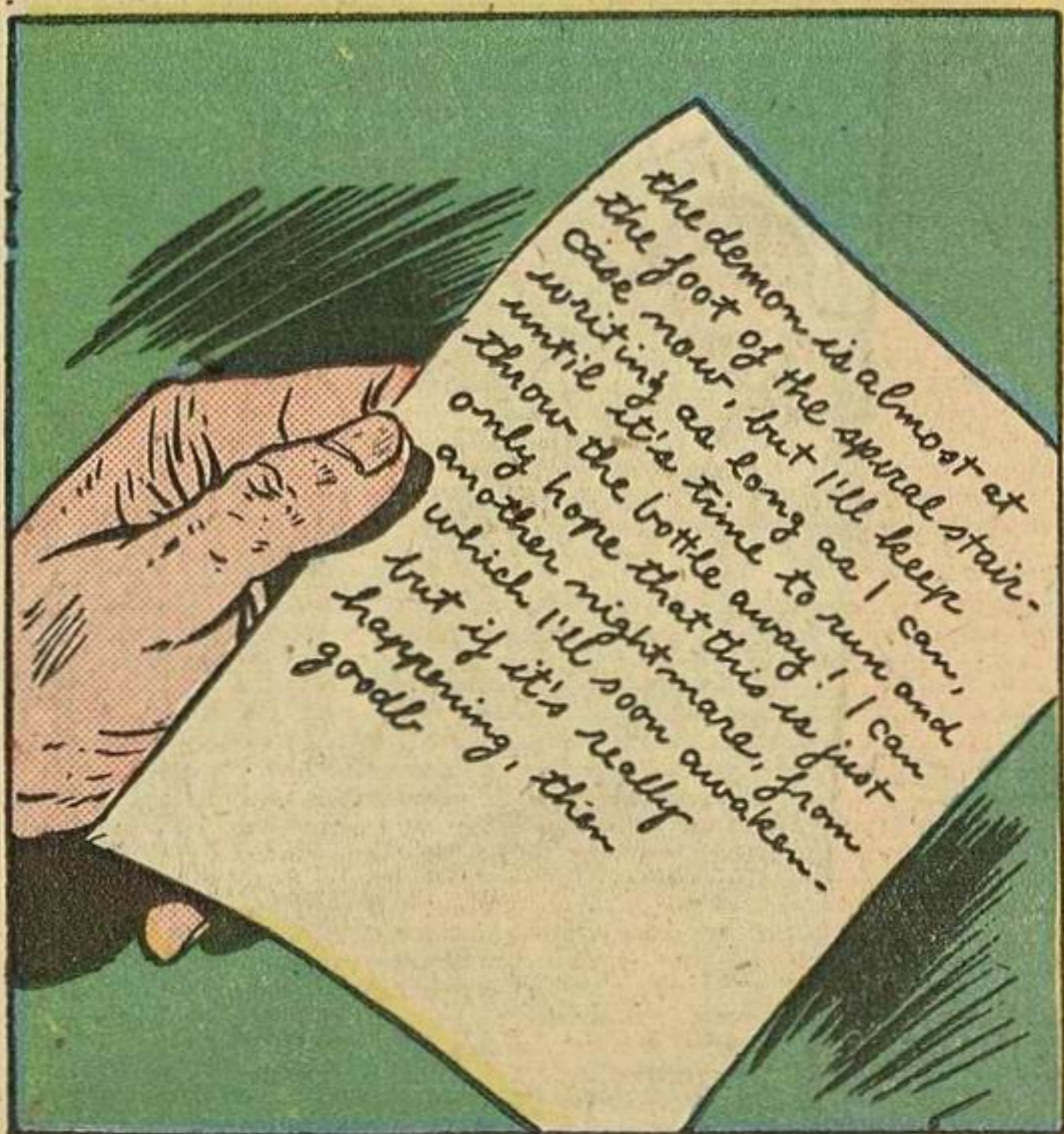
I WAS **RIGHT**--THE DEMON IS FOLLOWING OUT THE COURSE OF THE DREAM, BUT I'M NOT! I'M STILL DOOMED, BUT AT LEAST I'LL HAVE A LITTLE TIME NOW TO WRITE A LETTER TELLING THE WORLD WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, WARNING EVERYONE AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED PLACE-- SO THAT THE **DEMON OF THE DEEP** WILL NEVER CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM HERE!



I'LL JUST ADDRESS THIS TO THE EDITOR OF THE ONLY GROUP OF MAGAZINES WHICH WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO PRINT THIS LETTER!--"DEAR MR. HUGHES-- I'LL HAVE TO WRITE THIS LETTER IN A HURRY-- WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE!--"



"... I CAN HEAR THE DEMON CLUMPING DOWN THE STAIRS, COMING AFTER ME-- SO I DON'T HAVE MUCH MORE TIME TO WRITE! THERES AN EMPTY BOTTLE HERE-- I'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT THIS LETTER INTO IT AND THROW IT INTO THE WATER, HOPING IT WILL BE FOUND--"



I READ THAT LETTER WHEN I FIRST FISHED THAT BOTTLE OUT OF THE DRINK-- AND IT SURE SOUNDED SCREWY TO ME, BUT I THOUGHT I'D BETTER BRING IT HERE WHEN MY SHIP REACHED NEW YORK! TELL ME-- THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T REALLY **HAPPEN**, DO THEY?

WHO CAN TELL? ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS LETTER HAS TAKEN TWO MONTHS TO REACH ME-- AND I **HAVEN'T HEARD FROM PHIL PERKINS SINCE!** ALL I CAN DO IS PRINT THE STORY JUST AS PHIL WROTE IT-- AND LET THE **READERS JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES!**



END

DEATH IS A STAR SAPPHIRE

PRISON, STRANGELY ENOUGH, OPENED FABULOUS NEW VISTAS FOR PAUL RENO, A THREE-TIME LOSER!

FOR IT WAS BEHIND BARS THAT HE FIRST LEARNED OF THE SACRED STONE OF SERAPIS... AND THE ANCIENT LEGEND WHICH WARNED THAT TO ALL WHO TOUCHED THE GEM... DEATH IS A STAR SAPPHIRE!



ONLY A VERY SPECIAL BOOK COULD HAVE LURED PAUL RENO BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN TO THE PRISON LIBRARY --

THIS WHOLE THING SOUNDS FANTASTIC! NO WONDER IT'S WORTH A KING'S RANSOM! ACCORDING TO WHAT IT SAYS HERE...



"THE MODERN HISTORY OF THIS FATAL JEWEL BEGINS WITH ITS RECENT DISCOVERY BY AN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN SUMARIA..."

WE'VE FOUND IT, DOCTOR FOSTER -- THE TOMB OF THE HIGH PRIEST OF SERAPIS!

YES, MARAK, AND THIS MUST BE THE ACCURSED STONE WE'VE READ SO MUCH ABOUT! TAKE IT OUTSIDE WHILE I CONTINUE THE SEARCH!





"TODAY, THE SACRED STONE OF SERAPIS STILL LIES IN A DISPLAY CASE AT THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES, WAITING, MANY PEOPLE CLAIM, FOR NEW VICTIMS!"

CURSED, EH? BAH! IT'S NOTHING BUT A CHAIN OF COINCIDENCES! BESIDES, A PIECE OF ICE LIKE THAT IS WORTH A LITTLE RISK!



HEY, BOOKWORM... THE WARDEN WANTS TO SEE YOU, IF YOU CAN TEAR YOURSELF AWAY!

THE PAROLE BOARD MET THIS AFTERNOON! THIS MAY BE WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



PAUL RENO'S FERVENT WISH... PAROLE... WAS SOON GRANTED! THEN, AS A FREE MAN, HE WAS READY TO PUT INTO MOTION HIS GREED-SPAWNED PLAN TO STEAL THE PRICELESS GEM!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

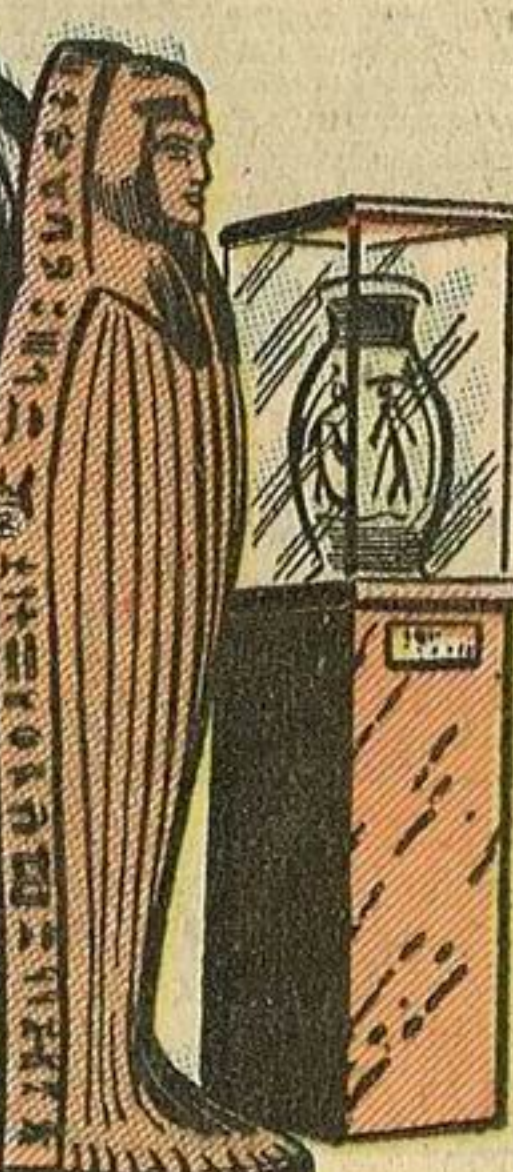
THEY SAY THAT THE FOUR PEOPLE WHO TOUCHED IT ARE DEAD!

IT DOES LOOK SORT OF... WELL, EVIL!

LISTEN TO THE JERKS! ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS THAT EVERY TIME SOMEONE TOUCHED IT AND DIED, ITS VALUE JUMPED!



THIS SHOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY! AS SOON AS THE JOINT'S LOCKED, I'LL SLIP OUT OF HERE AND GRAB THE STONE!



UNCOMFORTABLE HOURS PASSED FOR PAUL RENO -- THEN, CAUTIOUSLY EMERGING FROM HIS GROTESQUE HIDING PLACE...

I'LL HAVE THAT DISPLAY CASE JIMMIED OPEN IN NOTHING FLAT! THEN I'LL BREEZE OUT OF HERE WITH A MILLION DOLLARS IN SAPPHIRE! I'LL...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



HALT! WHO'S THERE?

EXIT



A GUARD... HE'S SPOTTED ME! BLAST IT, I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT MY WAY OUT! ONE MORE RAP FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY AND I'D GO UP FOR LIFE!



WHAT TH'...? HE'S NOT AFTER ME! IT LOOKS LIKE TWO OTHER JOKERS HAD THE SAME BRAINWAVE I DID!



NICE WORK, KID! THAT'LL TAKE THE WIND OUTTA HIS SAILS!

STOW THE GAB AND FRY THAT CASE OPEN! WE GOTTA GET THAT STONE AND BLOW! THERE MAY BE OTHER GUARDS AROUND!



WOW! LOOK AT THIS ROCK GLEAM! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE SOMETHING THIS PRETTY CAN BE SO DEADLY!

CAN THE POETRY AND LET'S AMSCRAY! QUOGG WON'T WAIT FOREVER FOR ME TO DELIVER THE STONE! GIVE IT HERE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUSTER? DON'T YA TRUST ME?

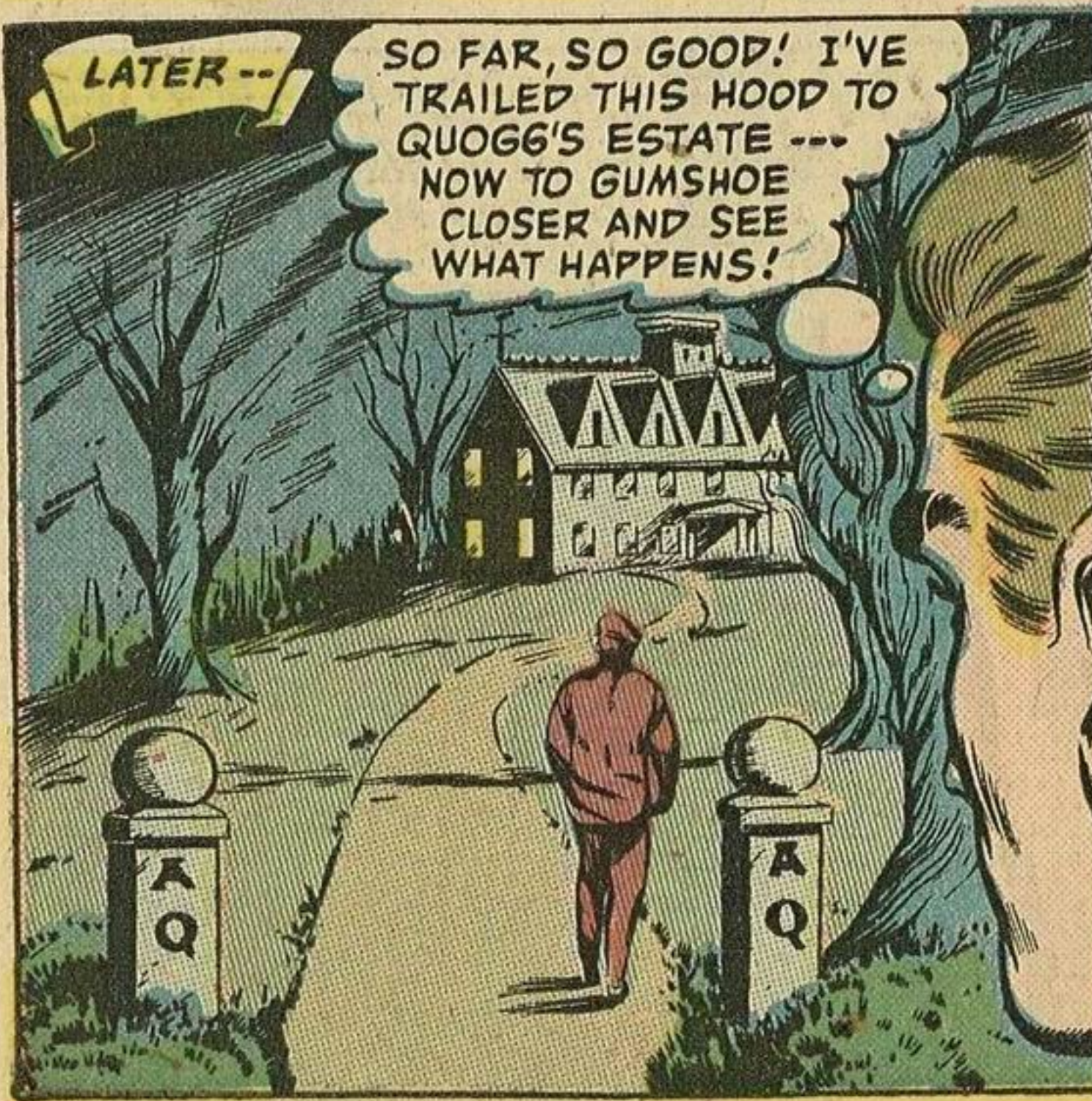
LOOK, BIRDBRAIN, I COULD'VE HANDLED THIS JOB ALONE! COUGH UP!

ADAM QUOGG! --HMM-- THAT'S THE LOONEY WHO SPENDS MILLIONS COLLECTING RARE JUNK! I'D BETTER PLAY THIS ANGLE SMART!



OKAY, SUCKER, YOU ASKED FOR IT! I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO TRY TO USE ME FOR A PATSY!

NO...NO...DON'T! ...YAAGHH!



LATER --

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'VE TRAILED THIS HOOD TO QUOGG'S ESTATE --- NOW TO GUMSHOE CLOSER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



PERFECT! FROM HERE I CAN LISTEN AND SIZE UP THE SITUATION! THIS MAY TURN OUT BIGGER THAN I'D PLANNED!

I CAME ALONE WITH THE STONE BECAUSE MY PARTNER WAS UNAVOIDABLY... ER... **DETAINED!** AS YOU'LL SEE, MISTER QUOGG, IT'S THE REAL ONE AND...

LISTEN, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN STOP THE SALES TALK! I'LL DISCOVER FOR MYSELF WHETHER IT'S REAL OR NOT!

IT'S GENUINE, ALL RIGHT --- BUT YOUR STORY **ISN'T!** UNLESS HEIMRICH WAS DEAD... HE'D HAVE DELIVERED THE STONE **HIMSELF!** MY OFFER OF \$250,000 WAS TO **HIM...** TO **YOU** THE BEST I CAN GIVE IS \$25,000!

\$25,000 FOR THAT? YE GODS, QUOGG--AND I THOUGHT I WAS A CROOK! BUT YOU'VE GOT ME OVER A BARREL --- I'LL TAKE IT!

THEY'VE FINISHED THEIR BUSINESS! NOW I START MINE!

FINE!... TAKE THE MONEY AND GET OUT!

MINUTES LATER, ALONG A DESERTED ROAD...

THE DOUGH THAT GUY GOT FROM QUOGG WILL BE A SORT OF **BONUS** FOR ME! NOW'S THE TIME FOR PAUL RENO TO PUT ON THE PRESSURE...

HERE'S WHERE WE PLAY A LITTLE CAR-TAG-- AND HE'S IT!

CRASH!

PERFECT!... IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN **ACCIDENT!** NOW TO GET THAT DOUGH!

FUNNY... IF I **WERE** SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D ALMOST BELIEVE THAT GARBAGE ABOUT DEATH STRIKING ANYONE WHO TOUCHED THE STONE! FIRST, THOSE MEN I READ ABOUT GOT IT --NOW THESE TWO THUGS! AHH... HERE'S THE DOUGH!

\$25,000 WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR PAUL RENO-- FOR HE HAD RESOLVED TO POSSESS THE SAPPHIRE ITSELF! BUT NOW HE HAD TO CONTINUE HIS CAMPAIGN CAUTIOUSLY! IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, HE FORGED REFERENCES, AND APPLIED FOR A JOB AT THE HOME OF ADAM QUOGG! SOME TIME LATER...

SPEED IT UP, BOY! I DIDN'T HIRE YOU TO REST ON MY TIME! I WANT THIS ROOM REARRANGED BY TONIGHT!

THE OLD BUZZARD'S A REAL SIMON LEGREE! BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW BECAUSE OF A LITTLE WORK!

AND WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED HERE, THERE'S THAT SPECIAL CRATE I RECEIVED THIS MORNING! HANDLE IT WITH EXTREME CARE!

BLAST IT, I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW ORDERS BECAUSE I STILL HAVEN'T DISCOVERED WHERE HE'S HIDING THE SAPPHIRE! BUT WHEN I DO... HE'S GONNA PAY FOR THIS!

LATER--

HMM... WONDER WHAT THIS CAN BE? COMES ALL THE WAY FROM AFRICA!

THAT CRAZY FOOL SPENDS MILLIONS ON JUNK... WHILE I HAVE TO SWEAT JUST MAKING A FISTUL OF G NOTES! I DON'T DIG THIS AT ALL...

IT LOOKS LIKE A PLANT OF SOME SORT!

WONDER WHY IT'S SO HEAVILY WRAPPED? I'LL TAKE A MINUTE OFF AND SEE WHAT THE OLD DEVIL BOUGHT!

SUDDENLY--

MEDDLER... GET AWAY FROM THERE! ARE YOU ANXIOUS TO COMMIT SUICIDE?

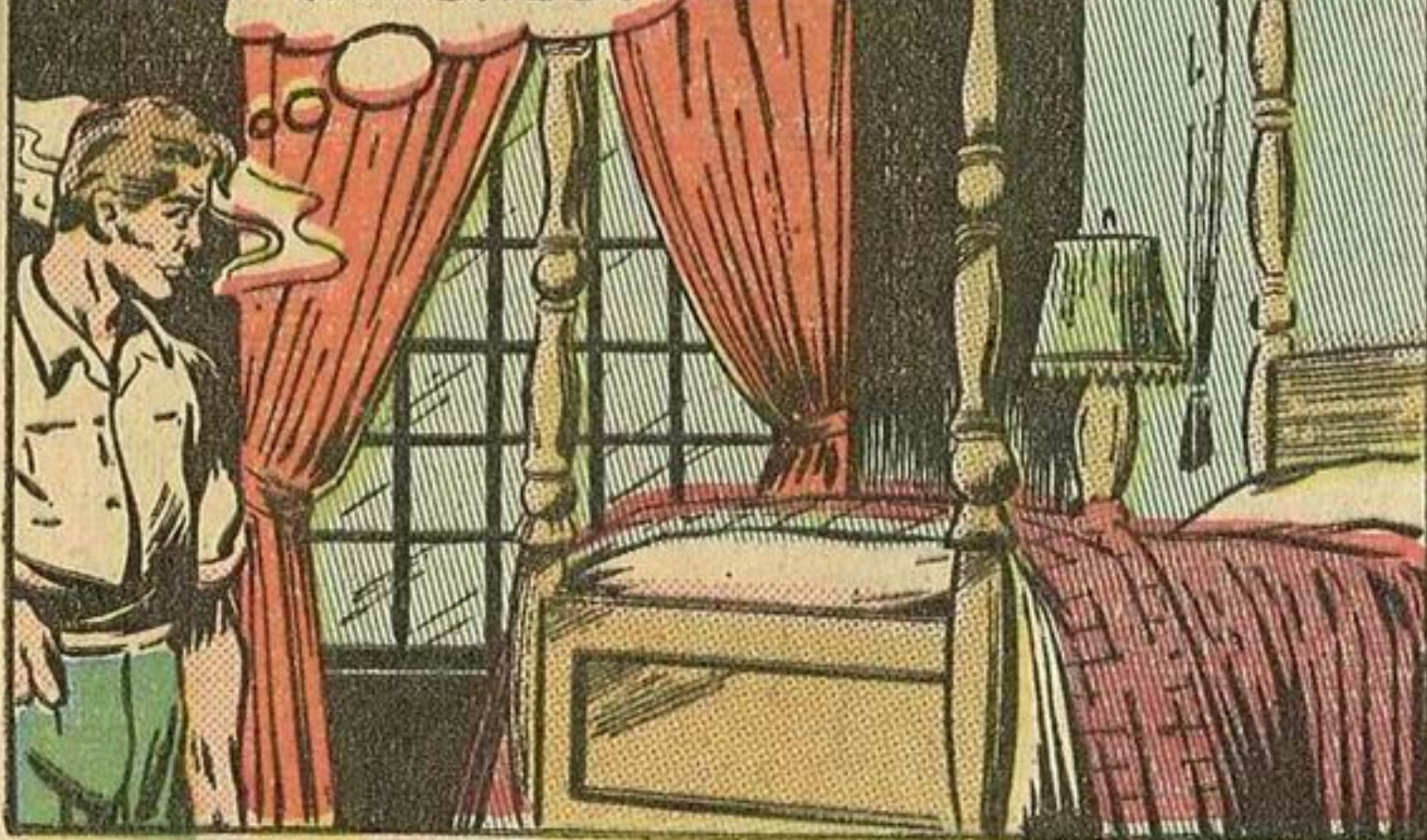
W-WHAT...?

SUICIDE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT--? IT'S ONLY A PLANT!

ONLY A PLANT, EH? THIS IS THE MOST DEADLY PLANT IN EXISTENCE-- AND EXTREMELY RARE! GET IT TO MY ROOM AT ONCE, THEN GO ABOUT YOUR WORK!

BURNING WITH CURIOSITY, RENO WAITED UNTIL HIS EMPLOYER HAD LEFT THE MANSION! THEN, STEALTHILY, HE CREPT TO ADAM QUOGG'S BEDROOM...

HOLY SMOKES! I LEFT THAT PLANT RIGHT HERE ... AND NOW IT'S GONE! EVERY TIME THE OLD MAN GETS SOMETHING HE CALLS PRICELESS, IT'S DELIVERED HERE ... THEN VANISHES!



THERE MUST BE A SECRET CHAMBER CONNECTED TO THIS ROOM! WHEREVER THE PLANT'S HIDDEN ... THAT'S WHERE THE STONE WILL BE! I CAN'T INVESTIGATE NOW BECAUSE QUOGG MAY BE BACK ANY MINUTE! BUT LATER TONIGHT...



IN THE SILENT HOURS OF EARLY MORNING AFTER QUOGG HAD RETIRED...

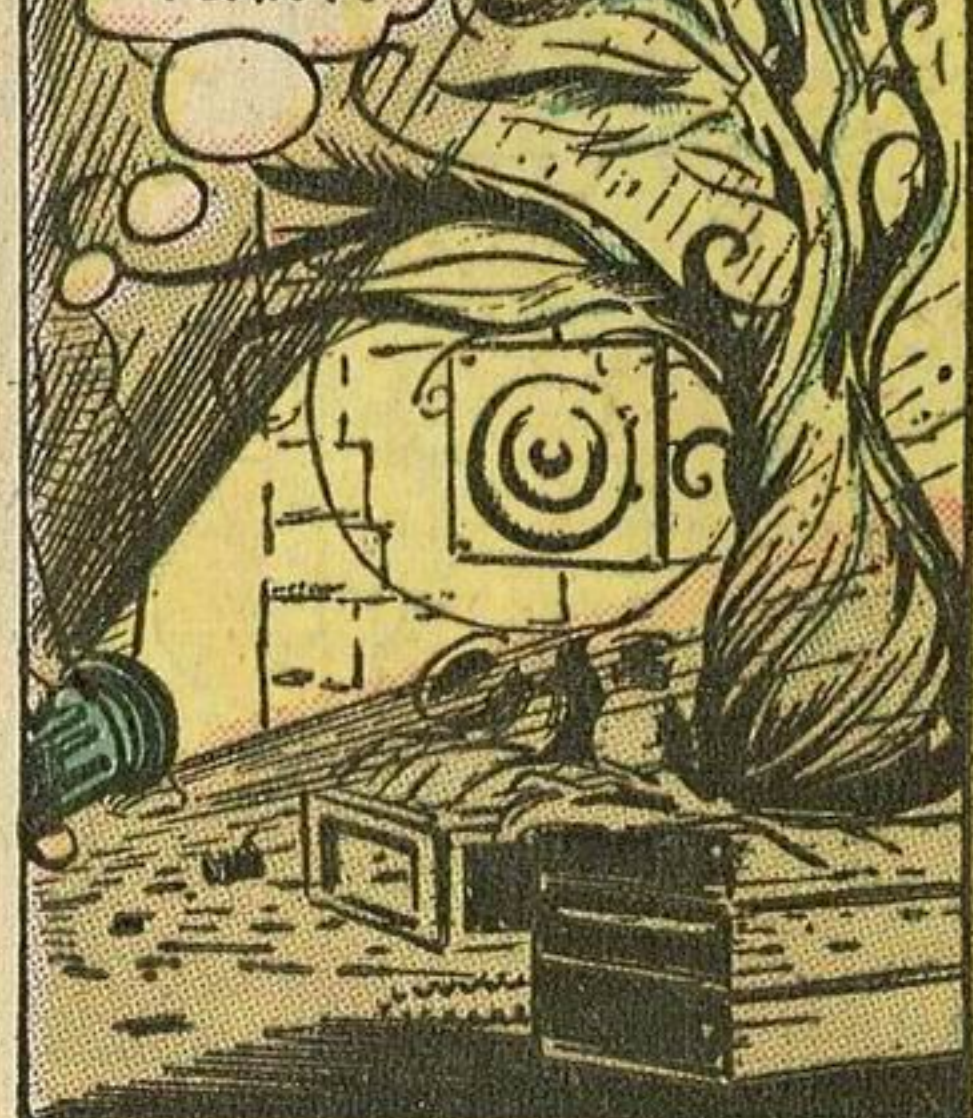
THOSE SLEEPING PILLS HE TAKES SHOULD KEEP HIM IN SLUMBERLAND WHILE I WORK!



STILL NO SIGN OF ANY SECRET PANELS! I'VE GONE OVER THE WALL WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB AND... WAIT! THIS PICTURE... MOVING IT TO ONE SIDE IS CAUSING THE WALL TO SLIDE OPEN!



GREAT SCOTT -- I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT THIS TIME! THERE'S LOOT ALL OVER THE JOINT -- AND -- THERE'S THE RARE PLANT!



WOW... MAYBE THAT OLD GOAT WASN'T KIDDING! THAT THING REACHED OUT AS THOUGH IT WERE TRYING TO GRAB ME! I'D BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM IT AND GO TO WORK ON THAT WALL SAFE!



WORKING WITH SWIFT PRECISION, RENO SOON HAD THE SAFE OPEN! THEN, GLITTERING IN THE MURKY GLOOM --

IT'S MINE AT LAST... THE SACRED STONE OF SERAPIS! AND THE SAFE'S CRAMMED FULL OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES, AND EMERALDS! I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE!



GLOATING TRIUMPHANTLY, RENO FAILED TO HEAR THE SOUND OF STEPS BEHIND HIM!

THIEF... DROP THOSE THINGS AND GET OUT! GO OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, BALDY! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS... AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY!



I WON'T LET YOU STEAL MY STONE! UGH!

I'M GOING TO HAVE THAT SAPPHIRE... EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU!



YOUR HIDING PLACE WAS CLEVER, QUOGG... SO CLEVER THAT NO ONE'LL EVER FIND YOUR BODY UNTIL AFTER I'VE MADE MY GETAWAY! HA... EVEN THEN THEY'LL PROBABLY ATTRIBUTE YOUR DEATH TO THE CURSE OF THE SAPPHIRE!



THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE FROM HIM! COME TO POPPA, SACRED STONE... YOU AND I ARE GOING BYE-BYE!



WITHOUT WARNING, CLUTCHING LIKE THE COILS OF A THOUSAND ANGRY SNAKES --

WHAT TH'...? YE GODS!... TH-THAT CRAZY PLANT... IT... IT'S WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND ME!



PAUL RENO FOUGHT SAVAGELY TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE DEATH-GRIP OF THE WEIRD, RELENTLESS PLANT... BUT TO NO AVAIL! SLOWLY... SLOWLY... IT DREW HIM CLOSER TOWARD ITS GAPING MOUTH... CLOSER...

NO... NO! YIIIIIIII!



IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE MALEVOLENT MONSTER HAD DEVoured PAUL RENO... WITHOUT A TRACE! THEN, ALL WAS QUIET IN THE LITTLE CHAMBER... LIKE THE SILENCE OF THE TOMB!

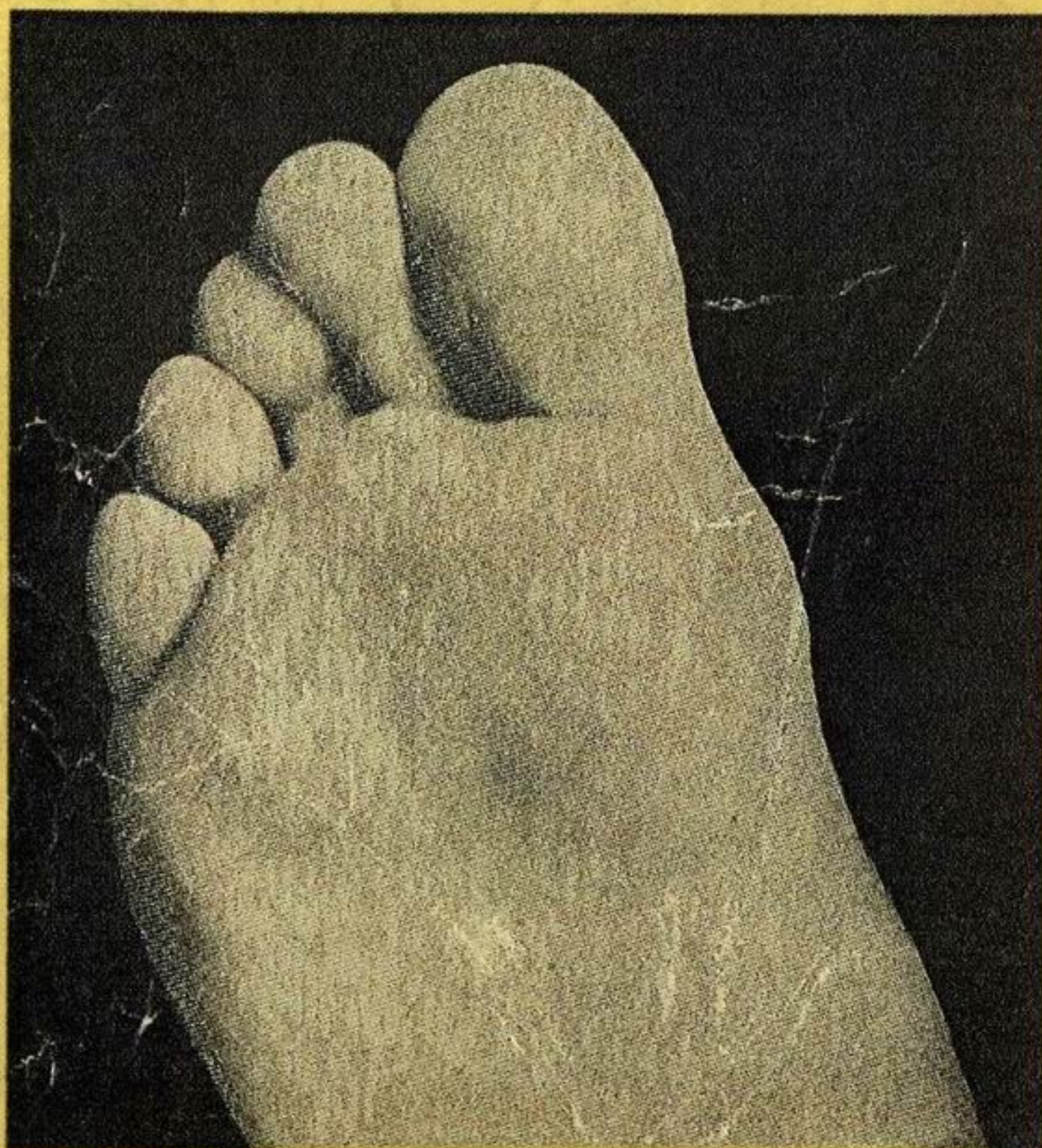


AND AT THE FOOT OF THE PLANT ... AS THOUGH BECKONING TO ITS NEXT VICTIM... GLOWED THE INCREDIBLE SACRED STONE OF SERAPIS!

The END

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

A

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____